

Mr Henry Tudor

by spartan2015

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Summary: Anne Boleyn is the daughter of a Knight turned Baron. Her parents wish for her to marry a man of the peerage but fate has a different idea.

1. Chapter 1

"That was completely dreadful Cromwell," a man said as he threw his gloves to the floor.

The man he addressed picked them up and hung his master's coat up.
"Perhaps tomorrow will be better, sir."

"Hmm. What invitations have I received?"

Cromwell handed him the letters and watched his master's facial expression. He always found it amusing. His own father had served his master's father so they were quite close. He enjoyed working for the family.

Henry opened the first of the three letters. This one was from Sir Henry Norris. They got along well and he wanted to express his gratitude and admiration for the House of Tudor. Henry smirked slightly. It was no secret that his business was doing well.

Though he was a mere merchant he was becoming well known. He frowned. Though it was not always praise on people's lips. "Write to Sir Henry that I return his affection and will attend his party tomorrow night."

"Yes, sir."

Henry sighed. Hopefully tomorrow night would go well.

Anne preferred the taste of wine to champagne but indulged her cousin

and sister anyway. They drank with smiles and seemed perfectly content but Anne felt restless. She wished to go to the opera with Nan but her mother had dragged her here instead.

"You can't find a proper husband at the opera," she had said. "You must mingle and dance in order to entice a man. When you begin to court then you can go to the opera."

Anne had rolled her eyes at what her mother said. It was completely foolish. She almost wished Mary hadn't received a proposal.

Oh, she was happy for her sister, of course. Marrying an Irish lord who was a distant cousin. Her sister would be a Countess and her family was quite happy about that. Now that Mary was engaged and George married that left Anne alone with their parents.

The two elder children are marrying well. Mary a Countess and George's father in law making him his heir to a Viscountcy raised their hopes of Anne marrying well too. She wanted to please her parents but the men she had a fancy to were never good enough for her parents.

Sir Thomas Wyatt was a man she loved very much but her father disagreed. Her mother only wished for her to marry a man with a title. Whether he be called Sir or Duke. Anne found it strange that her father didn't want her to marry a knight, but he himself was one and her mother's family didn't like it.

He could claim different now that he was called a Baron though it wasn't to be inherited by none of his children. Anne sighed.

"Is something wrong cousin?" Katherine Howard asked. She was only fifteen and was completely sheltered. She knew of nothing else besides comfort and wealth. To know anything else was to not know herself. Though Anne suspected she didn't know that either.

"I find this party quite boring, is all."

Katherine giggled. "You find every party boring. I wager that the next man who walks through that door will be your soul mate." Anne scoffed but silently hoped so.

"Mr. Henry Tudor."

Everyone stopped and turned towards the man who walked in. He was tall. Very tall. His hair was dark and his eyes a very light blue. Anne felt her heart quicken.

She watched him go to different people and introduce himself. When he near her she listened closely to what he said.

"Good evening. Mr. Henry Tudor. What is your name?"

The lady smiled. "Miss Eleanor Luke."

"A pleasure Miss Luke."

"Have you frequented our society?"

He smiled. "This my first occasion."

Eleanor's smile brightened. Perhaps she could show him around. "I hope you find it to your liking."

"I'm sure I will. Would you like to dance Miss?"

"Oh! Gladly." She moved to stand but a gentlemen close to her whispered in her ear. She pulled her hand away from his. "Forgive me, sir. I forgot I already have a partner."

He straightened. "I see. Sorry to have bothered you..."

Mary huffed. "Upstarts! How dare he just waltz in here like that?"

"He was most likely invited, Mary."

Mary scoffed. "If he wanted to dance he should have gone to one of the balls in town."

Katherine giggled. "You have to admit that he has a charm about him. And rugged sort of handsomeness, no?"

Anne fazed out when Mary began to lecture Katherine. She was entranced by this man. This Henry Tudor. She stood and began to walk away. "Where are you going?" Katherine whined. Anne was her favorite cousin. She indulged her Mary wouldn't. She also admired Anne's intelligence and confidence.

"To get a drink." With that she walked away. She picked up a glass of wine from a servant and sat at a spot a good distance from her sister and cousin.

The man called Henry Tudor stood beside her. She glanced at him. "You can sit if you'd like. There's plenty of room."

"No, thank you. I'm quite alright."

From the corner of her eye Anne saw him study her. Her heart began to beat faster and she wondered why her face was feeling warm. He approached her. "Would you like to dance Miss...?"

"Lady," she corrected. "Lady Anne."

He smiled. "Would you care to dance, Lady Anne?"

"Not at all."

As they danced Henry asked her questions. "What's your favorite thing to do?"

"I love reading."

"What do you read?"

"Philosophy. I love to read Locke, Descartes, Voltaire and so on. And you, good sir, what is your favorite thing to do?"

"I work too much to have a favorite thing to do," Henry replied.

"What is your work?"

"I run a business."

"Business? Do you own shops?"

"No, my lady. I do not."

The music ended and Henry turned to go.

"Leaving so soon?" Anne teased.

He grinned. "Unfortunately. Business."

"I see. I hope to see you again."

"I as well, my lady." He bowed and disappeared.

2. Chapter 2

Henry looked at his brother with sympathy. He had always been a bit on the weaker side. Not really sickly but his weak immune system showed itself at the most inopportune times. Such as now.

His sister in law was hosting a garden party. Spring was in full swing. The sun shined and because of the winds that carry dust and a whole host of other things, Henry's brother was in a coughing fit.

"Here brother," Henry said. "Drink some water."

His brother drank and seemed to calm down. "Thank you. I hate these garden parties. It's annoying."

"Uncle Henry!" A voice called out to him.

He turned around and saw his niece, Little Mary walking towards him with her sister Isabelle.

"Izzy. Little Mary." He hugged and kissed them both. He had missed them. Now that he saw his nieces he wished to see his three nephews.

"Where are your brothers?" Arthur asked Izzy.

"Henry is entertaining a woman called Lady Anne. I don't know where William and Edward went off to."

"Anne," Henry said. "Where are they?"

"I'll take you to them, Uncle," Mary said.

Henry offered his hand. "My lady."

She giggled and on they walked. Henry asked about her mother, Catherine. She was doing well apparently and going all out to make Mary's coming out party a success. Isabelle was already engaged to an Earl and now it was Mary's turn to be married.

Henry admitted that Mary was a beautiful young lady. Being only sixteen he was a little worried that she was too young to be married off so. But he conceded that the elder is to be married before the younger. It was the way it went.

"Have you found someone Uncle?"

He turned to her with surprise. "Me?"

She laughed. "Yes you! I wish for another aunt."

"You have four! There is no use for another one."

"What of your legacy?"

"When it comes time for me to wed then I shall be wed. As you must be."

"Yes. I suppose so." She stopped. "Look uncle! There is Harry."

Henry stopped as he admired the beauty of this woman. This Lady Anne. She was as graceful as a Queen and as beautiful as Aphrodite herself. He suddenly felt his face grow warm.

"Uncle? Are you alright?"

"Huh? Oh. Yes. I'm quite alright."

"Brother," Mary called out. "Come greet our Lord uncle."

Henry smiled. "Uncle. It's good to see you. Lady Anne, this is my Uncle Henry."

"Henry," she said seductively. A smile was on her lips and Henry thought that he wanted to hear her say it again.

"Lady Anne. A pleasure." He kissed her hand.

"The feeling is mutual."

"Come brother. Father wishes to see you." Mary pulled Harry along.

Anne turned to Henry. "Your family is wonderful. Harry is a brilliant young man. Your nieces are a delight as well."

He smiled. "I'm glad you like them." He offered his arm to her and they walked towards the a table that had a variety of food. Mostly sweets. The table next to it had drinks.

Anne reached for the wine but someone grabbed her hand. Anne turned and smiled smoothly. "Lady mother."

"No wine. Drink some champagne instead." Her mother handed her a glass of light coloured liquid. "You are a lady after all," her mother added.

"And ladies don't drink wine?" Anne replied as she took a sip.

Henry studied Anne's mother. She was a beautiful woman. He could tell Anne took her mannerisms from her mother. Henry met her eyes and he saw her study him closely.

"Who are you?" she asked coolly.

"Oh! Mother. This is Mr. Henry Tudor. Henry. This is my mother. Lady Elizabeth Boleyn. Formerly Howard."

He bowed. "My lady. A pleasure."

She didn't extend her hand for him to kiss it. "Likewise. Come Anne. Lord Henry Percy desires to meet you."

Henry wondered why she stressed the word lord but then the thought left his mind when he saw Anne being dragged away. Henry wasn't sure what to do now. Just when he considered leaving he felt someone clapped him on the back.

"Uncle!"

Henry turned and his face broke out into a full grin. "Eddy!" Edward Tudor was definitely more wild and rambunctious than his two elder brothers. His parents arranged many marriages for him but he often broke them off. No one in polite society would dare marry their daughter to Edward Tudor. He was too unpredictable.

"We should leave and go have some real fun Uncle Harry. What do you say to that?"

"And where would you have some "real fun" Edward Tudor?" a voice asked.

Standing behind them was Catherine Tudor along with a woman who was quite thin and homely looking. Henry thought her to be ill.

"Lady mother," Edward smiled.

"Jane. Introduce yourself," Catherine said.

The woman stepped forward. "Hello. I am Miss Jane Seymour."

Edward kissed her hand. "A pleasure. Mr. Edward Tudor, my lady."

Henry bowed and kissed her hand as well. "Mr. Henry Tudor."

She blushed. "It's lovely to meet you."

"Edward, show Miss Jane the gardens."

"Of course." Edward offered his arm to her.

Catherine pulled Henry aside. "Walk with them." He appeared confused. She sighed. "As an escort."

He nodded. "Of course Lady sister."

"And try to talk to him about going through with this engagement. He

needs to be married so he can settle down."

Henry followed his nephew and Miss Jane through the gardens. He felt someone loop arms with him and he was surprised to see her.

"Lady Anne!"

She smirked. "Did you miss me, Henry?"

3. Chapter 3

"Shouldn't you be with _Lord _Henry Percy?" Henry asked.

Anne laughed. "I have no desire to entertain _Lord _Henry Percy. He's too boring. Though he oozes wealth."

"Does he buy you gifts?" Henry didn't like the idea of her accepting gifts from another man. He wanted to be the one to give her gifts and spoil her.

"Yes. Though it's mostly clothes. Why, just two days ago, my lord Henry Percy, bought me a present. Shall I tell you the story?"

"Please do." Henry noticed Edward sat Jane on the edge of the fountain and began to talk. He was most likely trying to bore her to death with talk of flowers and the history of Richmond Castle. Henry and Anne sat not too far from them. Well, Henry sat and Anne stood telling her tale.

"I sat with my sister and cousin discussing various things. A maid came to tell me that I had a visitor. 'A Lord Henry Percy to see you, my lady,' she said. Imagine my surprise."

"Do people visit you a lot?" Henry asked.

Anne put her finger to her chin and thought. He noticed her right hand tapped her chest. She had a shapely chest. Child bearing hips, too, he guessed.

"Hmm. I can't really say. But anyway. I met him in the receiving hall with my handmaiden not too far away. I greeted him with a curtsey."

Anne demonstrated said curtsey. It was quite a low one. "I looked up at him with a dreamy expression. 'Why, my lord, what brings you to see the daughter of a mere Knight?'"

She rose from her curtsey and rolled her eyes. "If only you could have seen his face. Oh, and the words he spoke Mr. Henry! It was the stuff of fairy tales if I ever heard it."

"I'll bet," Henry replied.

Anne continued her tale. "He lifted my chin and bid me rise. 'You may be the daughter of a Knight but I love you. Take this as a token of my affection.' A man-servant of his stepped forward and presented a lovely dress in the French style. He asked me to try it on and I did."

"Did anyone else besides him see you in it?"

"My parents. Along with my sister and cousin. My mother was so happy. 'You look so beautiful Anne!' she cried. It was the most embarrassing thing, really."

"Are you two engaged?"

"Oh, goodness no! Why would you think that? My parents want me to marry him, no doubt about that. My sister and I will both be Countesses. Oh, what a wonderful thing my mother can brag about! We'd hear nothing but praise now and forevermore."

She sat and leaned in closer to him. "Listen to this." She waved an imaginary fan. "Did you here, Mr. Tudor?"

He decided to play along. "No. Do tell, my lady."

She smiled brightly. "Well. The Boleyns have done well. Both of their daughters are Countesses! And their son. My goodness! He's a Viscount."

"My. How exciting."

She rolled her eyes and threw her imaginary fan. "Yes, of course. So exciting." She turned to him and appeared serious. "Why aren't you married by now?"

He shrugged. "I'm not certain. My business is just starting to grow."

She moved closer. "And don't you want a strong and smart woman by your side? Someone who will bear you many children? Someone who has connections and will help you expand your business?"

Henry felt his heart beat faster. Unbeknownst to him, Anne felt the same way. She was treading on dangerous territory. Behaving so unladylike. Tempting a man. Like Eve, who caused the fall of all mankind.

"Of course, my lady," he replied as he allowed her to get even closer.

"Anne," she said breathlessly as her lips lightly touched his. "Call me Anne. In turn, I will call you Henry."

"Of course."

"Anne Boleyn!" A voice cried. "What is this?"

Anne stood. "Mother."

Before Anne knew what was happening she was on the ground and staring up at her mother. "How shameful!" Lady Boleyn turned to Henry. "You stay away from my daughter!"

"Don't just stand there. Escort your mistress," she said to a young woman.

The woman helped Anne up and they walked away. Lady Elizabeth glared at him before leaving.

*****What were you thinking?" Arthur asked.

Henry knew he didn't want an answer and for that he was glad. He himself wasn't sure why he allowed it.

"Now Lady Elizabeth wants me to 'discipline' you."

Henry stared at him. The gall of this lady. She was the wife of a mere knight and Henry said as much.

"She's still a Howard by blood. Her brother is a Duke."

Henry said nothing. He didn't care if she was the related to a Duke or the King of England. She had no right to keep him from Anne.

Arthur stood. "She's agreed not push the issue. But you're not to have any contact with the Lady Anne Boleyn." He skimmed the letter that Lady Elizabeth had sent him. "She will remain cordial with you in the company of others but besides that..." he trailed off.

"Fine. I'll stay away from her."

Charles Brandon was a simple man. Not in the way he dressed or where he chose to live. No, not in that way at all. He was simple in that he didn't need much to make him happy. He had his wife, Margaret. His two sons and daughter, Charles II, Henry, and Francis.

Not to mention his best friend, Henry Tudor. Who he was listening to rant and rave about a Lady Elizabeth Boleyn. He'd heard of her and met her perhaps once or twice but he never sought to make her an official associate. He never cared to make friends. Margaret always went in his stead to different events.

"And now I can't talk to Anne anymore."

Charles felt bad for his friend. He wasn't sure how to help, though.

"Cromwell."

"Yes, sir."

"Write to the Lady Elizabeth Boleyn. Tell her that I apologize for my behavior and wish to make amends."

"Yes, sir."

"Now see this, Thomas." Elizabeth handed the letter to her husband.

"Hmm. He wishes to make amends."

"How can he? He behaved in the most inappropriate way!"

"Lady mother."

"Anne. We're going to Sir Henry Norris's party tonight. Be ready by 10."

Anne curtsied and left. Katherine sat in front of Anne's mirror trying on various necklaces. "I love the pearls, Anne. They're beautiful."

"Yes. They are."

"Cousin. What's wrong?"

"It's nothing. Mother says we have to be ready soon."

Henry looked around once more. He couldn't wait to see her. He specifically asked Sir Henry to invite her and her parents.

"Lord and Lady Thomas Boleyn. Lady Katherine Howard and Lady Anne Boleyn."

Henry felt his heart beat faster when he heard her name. He saw her moved towards a woman with blonde hair. Another woman, who appeared a girl really, followed behind them. He walked in their direction but someone stood in front of him.

He bowed. "My lady."

"Where are you going?" she asked. "Surely you do not mean to defile my daughter, do you?"

"Of course not. Lady-"

"Exactly. She is a lady and you are nothing but a mere upstart. You would do well to stay away, Mr. Henry Tudor." Saying nothing else she walked away.

End
file.